Parnassian TRIFLES,

being a Collection of

Elegiac, Pastoral, Nautic and Lyric

POETRY:

In one Volume

BY

John Cross.

O'er shadow'd by Trees see it stands in the Vale,
View the path I so constantly tread,
From it's top see the Smoke wafted here by the Gale,
Through Branches that play round it's Head - *vide. Happy Collager*

T. Boyce sculp!

BRITISH MUSEUM

PARNASSIAN TRIFLES.

BEING A COLLECTION OF

ELEGIAC, PASTORAL, NAUTIC, AND LYRIC

POETRY.

BY J. CROSS,

AUTHOR OF THE

DIALOGUE OF THE DIVERTISEMENT, &c.

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M DCC XCII.

PRICE HALF A CROWN.

PARNASSIAN TRIFLES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

TO A FRIEND.

DEAR SIR,

FROM the trivial knowledge I boaſt of the great world, and the deſpicable idea I entertain of adulation, added to the humble opinion I ſhall ever cheriſh of the following trifles, I am induced to throw the homely bloſſoms a ſimple wanderer round the Parnaſſian mount has cull'd, at the feet of friendſhip; conſcious that there, the very weeds that are blended with them, will not emit a noxious odour or offend: Friendſhip firſt impelled me to pluck them; and ſhould the blighting blaſt of criticiſm prematurely wither this ſmall bouquet, I ſhall ſtill be gratified if the ſcents it may poſſeſs, momentarily contribute to diſtil a fragrance which generous eſteem may imagine grateful; and am,

DEAR SIR,

Yours ſincerely,

Theatre-Royal,
Covent-Garden.

J. CROSS.

JY 63

PARNASSIAN TRIFLES.

THE PRISONER RELEASED.

A BALLAD.

IN a gloomy receſs, where the ſun's chearful light,
But yielded a glimmering ray,
On a pallet of ſtraw, diſmal, ſilent as night,
A long-confin'd Priſoner lay:

His beard ſilver'd o'er by the labour of years,
His cheeks wan with famine and care,
While adown the damp wall ſeem'd to pace mournful tears,
In compaſſion, alas! for his fare.

Moments number'd by ſighs a whole age had he paſt;
And pour'd forth to fate oft' a prayer,
"That each moment of miſery might prove his laſt,
"For alas! he had more than his ſhare;"

Sometimes, he'd of former delights wildly rave;
But ſoon the delirium retreats:
Thus Time dragg'd, 'till Charity enter'd his cave,
To purchaſe him liberty's ſweets.

Releas'd, he had now a new world to explore:
Each ſtep brought paſs'd joys to his mind;
But the friends of his youth were diſpers'd, or—no more,
And had ſcarce left a relict behind:

His cot, where frugality once chearful reign'd,
Diſpenſing to poverty food,
Was now quite a chaos, no token remain'd,
To reveal where it formerly ſtood.

Back he ſped to his priſon, revolving in thought,
How oft' hope ſpeaks fair to deceive!
Cry'd, "the world has no charms for an old man forgot!
"Me again to my priſon receive!"

His boon, with a frown, the harſh keeper denies,—
With anguiſh, of life fully tir'd,
He turn'd up to Heaven his tear-ſwoll'n eyes,
Reclin'd, bow'd his head, and—expir'd.

THE HAPPY COTTAGER;

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

AWAY from the town, from its tumult and ſtrife,
Serenely to dwell be my lot;
And in rural content, all the days of my life,
Let me happily paſs in yon cot!

O'erſhadow'd by trees, ſee it ſtands in the vale;
View the path I ſo conſtantly tread;
From it's top ſee the ſmoke wafted here by the gale,
Through branches that play round its head.

The ſerpentine ſtream, glitt'ring, runs through my farm,
Rich crops too my induſtry yields;
My Cows in yon ſhed are from weather kept warm,
Or nip the young bud of the fields.

On yon ſilver current, the Angler's fond pride,
The oar-footed birds oft' reſort;
And buoyantly over it's bright ſurface glide,
Or wantonly dive in gay ſport.

Dame Partlet there view clucking loud to her brood,
And collecting them round her with care;
See how buſy when Anna diſtributes them food,
To give each deſcendant a ſhare.

See Chanticleer ſtrut the grand Turk of the barn,
His Sultanas he wantonly eyes;
To the faireſt donates a rich preſent of corn,
While Jealouſy cackles and cries.

Sleek and ſturdy, ſtout Dobbin trots proud o'er the lawn,
Or, exulting, the greenſward he paws;
While with new ſhining colours my car I adorn,
Which frequent to market he draws.

The ſwine's briſtly back is juſt hid in clean ſtraw,
My pigeons no dove-cote can match;
And the impudent ſparrow, whom ſhot cannot awe,
Picks and chirrups away in my thatch.

My garden, I've plann'd, (tho' beſure 'tis but ſmall,)
To provide me with what I moſt need;
And tho' downy peaches oft' bluſh on its wall,
Yet 'tis planted with true homely ſeed.

The bean's ſcented bloſſom, the full podded pea,
Mealy roots from Hibernia's ſhore;
The rough rinded ruſſeten eke on its tree;
And of verdurous plants I've a ſtore:

Yet flow'rs are not baniſh'd, there bloſſoms the roſe,
And there the ſweet violets dwell;
There lives the pert daiſey, the lily there blows,
And bees hide in daffodil's cell.

Round their hives in loud buzzing they hum out their ſong,
Or flow'rets of ſweetneſs bereave;
While the provident ant tugs proviſion along,
To depoſit it ſafe in her cave.

Would you view my ſnug rooms—why the furniture's plain,
My dogs, where you enter, preſide;
My ſervants are few, but they all look like men,
And like honeſt ſervants beſide.

The playful young kitten oft' purrs on my knee,
Shock in gambols to pleaſe me will try;
While perch'd on my chair, with my luncheon makes free,
The larcenous, chattering pye.

Surly landlord can never my cottage aſſail,
Nor o'erbearing power moleſt;
For the freehold's my own; nor can creditors rail,
So, with heart quite at eaſe am I bleſt.

My ale I've juſt tapp'd, of its briſkneſs I'll boaſt,
'Twas brew'd for my neighbours to taſte;
And we'll merrily quaff it while this is our toaſt,
"May freedom endure to the laſt,"

Fortune's ſelf let her brag, can't my pleaſures amend,
No grandeur my envy can move;
For to add to the bleſſing I boaſt a true friend,
And a nymph that I tenderly love.

ABSENCE,

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

THE Bard whoſe vaſt Idea's built on fame,
In ſounding numbers oft' ſublimely ſings,
The magic terror of an Hero's name,
The fall of Nations, and the death of Kings.

The fix'd, immutable decrees of fate,
To hurl ſome tyrant into horror's den;
To raiſe the youth who propp'd a falling ſtate,
Or laſh the vice of impious powerful men.

While I but courting beauteous Ann's eſteem,
And unambitious of renown or praiſe,
Make Abſence from my love the penſive theme,
And murmuring 'plaints the burthen of my days.

Oft' where yon limpid ſtreams meandering run,
And the ſad willow droops her weeping head,
Pleas'd we repair'd, while the reſplendent ſun,
Darted a luſtre on the dewy mead;

There, where the ſongſters ſtretch their little throats,
And warble love, twittering on every ſpray;
As we have liſten'd to their artleſs notes,
How have I gaz'd, and ſigh'd my ſoul away!

And oft' when playful Zephyr drew aſide
In wanton ſport the 'kerchief of my fair,
And ſlyly ſtole a kiſs to me deny'd,
A kiſs of rapture, which I did not ſhare;

How

How have I envied the ſupreme delight,
While burning bluſhes glow'd upon her cheek;
As ſhe again veil'd Heaven from my ſight,
And bade my prying eyes no further ſeek.

Yet an affected coyneſs ſhe diſdain'd;
Joy's modeſt Chalice did I often ſip:
Oft' have I more than ecſtacy obtain'd
By preſſing to my own her coral lip.

Oft' at the frugal board my ruſtic fair
Has ſmil'd convivial, and each moment paſs'd
Serene and placid—over-anxious Care
Ne'er enter'd to diſturb the homely feaſt.

Oft' as we nut-brown fluid did inhale,
Which ſtole it's brightneſs from her hazle eye;
I've fondly liſten'd to the ſportive tale,
Which Mirth with ample Humour did ſupply.

Or when the faggot crackled on the hearth,
And chilly Winter made the evenings long;
To her I've read the deeds of ruſtic worth,
Or ſat attentive to her chearful ſong

Friendſhip inhabited my little ſhed;
Content and approbation there were found:
The fleeting hours on joy's ſoft pinions fled,
And love and fond affection ſmil'd around.

But zephyr now diſdains that view to grant,
Of beauties, might an Hermit's boſom fire;
The feather'd choir their matins faintly chaunt,
And pallid Abſence ſickens with deſire.

No more with pleaſure my repaſt's enjoy'd,
No more my cottage with content is bleſs'd:
Each culinary comfort is deſtroy'd,
By the griev'd abſence of a wiſh'd-for gueſt.

No more the ſparkling glaſs affords delight,
It's ſpirit's taſteleſs, and it's brightneſs fades;
Nor merry tale, nor joke can ſmiles excite;
For Melancholy drear, the ſcene pervades:

Yet hope's ſweet preſage darts a ray of joy,
Informs my ſoul it's griefs are nearly o'er;
That happineſs awaits without alloy,
For ſoon we meet, 'till death, to part no more.

THE

THE MOUSETRAP.

A MOCK HEROIC BALLAD.

THE caterer's hall dull appear'd,
The tapers were robb'd of their light,
To his kennel old Growler repair'd,
And bade Drowſy Turnſpit good night.

Soppalinda had toaſted the rind
Of cheeſe, which, (while taking her nap,)
With an engine well form'd oft' combin'd,
Some ſilken ſkinn'd thief to entrap.

The mock-ermin'd prowler, (for prey,
Who nightly each rover alarms,
Who unthinkingly ſtrolls in her way,)
Was lock'd up in Morpheus' arms.

When Mus with the nobleſt ſoul
That e'er puny miſcreant bleſt,
His brunette handed out of her hole,
To enjoy the luxurious feaſt.

It's ſcents more than ſpices of Ind,
To their noſtrils delicioufly move;
For tho' they were fond, true, and kind,
Like us live they could not on Love.

And, from the firſt bluſh of the morn
'Till the time from their cavern they burſt,
Had the luckleſs Adventurer's borne,
The keen pangs of hunger and thirſt,

Thus

Thus pinch'd—(having ſqueak'd out a grace,)
He his laſs firſt to eat did invite;
Put a hungry lank beau in his place,
Do you think he'd ha' been ſo polite?

She nibbled and nibbled, o'erjoy'd
Smack'd her lips at the reliſhing treat—
What muſe can my genius guide!
To deſcribe her ſucceeding hard fate!!!

From the bait, (a luxurious prize!)
Spoils to ſeize on, the maid did eſſay,
Oft' her tuſks of diminutive ſize,
In triumph thoſe ſpoils bore away.

At length in the engine, (whoſe jaws
Wide extended) the charmer too raſh!
Ventur'd ſoftly her head and fore paws,
When it clos'd with a horrible craſh.

Like

Like a bolt from the *thunder* of Jove,
Which rives the hard heart of tough Oak,
Were the ſhrieks, and the ſqueaks of his love,
To young Mus, as he view'd the dire ſtroke.

He look'd like fond Dido of old,
When Æneas, (that wandering wight!)
Skulk'd away, o'er the ſea's ſurface roll'd,
And left her to mourn paſt delight.

Our tiney Marauder thus gaz'd,
Thus darted diſmay from his eye,
And in every feature Rage blaz'd,
When his Fair-one exclaim'd—"*Love, I die.*"

His fiſts, clench'd, (by ſome yclep'd feet)
Sharp fang'd, with vindictive intent;
Thrice againſt his tough ribs did he beat,
'Ere words from his throat could get vent.

" Ye Gods, is my Charmer then ta'en!
(The tears at each eye-threſhold ſtood)
" Alas! muſt ſhe ſuffer ſuch pain,
" For daring thus venture for Food?

" Penurious Man! why enſnare?
" One, who ſoon would have been a fond Wife!
" What ſhe nibbled was ſcarce worth your care,
" Yet, alas! ſhe has paid for't with life.

" But Fate her demiſe had decreed,
" In compaſſion has robb'd her of breath;
" A *Mouſe* of ſuch *true Engliſh breed*,
" She'd prefer to vile Slavery Death.

" Thy larder we ne'er could devour,
" Our meals are ſo ſlenderly nice;
" You'd maſticate more in an hour,
" Than would feaſt a whole Kingdom of Mice.

" But

" But ſo have I read— (for oft' times
" I've view'd your librarian receſs,)
" The Pauper muſt ſuffer for crimes
" Impell'd by the Gripe of Diſtreſs.

" Ye great! would your failings were fewer!
" The wretched ye wrong" (exclaim'd Mus;)
" Your Laws do but injure the poor,
" And your Cruelty's levell'd at us.

" How ye'd ſtorm, rave, and angrily roar,—
" (Then think what we reptiles muſt feel,)
" If to captive ye ſome Tyrant Power
" Had baited the late dread Baſtile.

" But adieu to the world and deceit,
" It's tyranny, Gods! I deteſt;
" I'll Eaſe ſeek in Death's calm retreat,
" And find in the Tomb, peace and reſt."

This ſaid, on his Love did he call,
Gaz'd fondly on her he admir'd;
Then daſh'd his proud head 'gainſt the Wall,
Kick'd, ſtruggled, and nobly expir'd.

THE DEATH OF LEFEVRE,

A BALLAD

(FROM STERNE.)

THROUGH night's ſable veil ſhone the bright beams of day,
And matins were warbled on each waving ſpray;
When pale with Diſeaſe, almoſt gaſping for breath,
The woe-worn Lefevre prepar'd to meet Death.

Attention

Attention was ſeiz'd by Philanthropy's moan,
And a Cherub's ſighs ſtole from the breaſt of his ſon;
" I faint!"—cries the Sire, while urbanity's eye
Brighten'd up, as he ſwore—*by G—d, he ſhan't die!*"

(The oath which to Heaven's high Chancery fled,
By a tear from the orb of an Angel was hid;
Or expir'd, leaſt the *Hope* it had feintly in view,
The death of Lefevre ſhould prove was *untrue*.)

Nature ſeem'd now exhauſted—with fever he burns—
The film quits his eye—then again quick returns,—
His pulſe ſlowly beats——the Death-watch—ticks—his knell;
He gaz'd on his Boy, and then ſigh'd out—Farewel.

Ye ſwains who adore ſenſibility's ſhrine,
Round his Tomb the fair Chaplet of Pity entwine;
Yet let not his relict of aid be bereft,
But nouriſh the *Bloſſom* that *Virtue* has *left*.

THE POOR MARINER,

A BALLAD.

THE wind whiſtled ſhrilly, chill rain down was ſtreaming,—
From a dank cell where Phœbus ne'er darted a beam in;
Worn out with great age, preſs'd by hunger and grief,
A ſad ſon of Neptune crawl'd forth for relief!

"Give relief, oh! give relief!

"Oh give relief to a poor Mariner!

He

He tremblingly begg'd as the affluent paſs'd him,
" The poor mite benevolent Charity'd caſt him!"
While from his dim eyes, hid by darkneſs thick veil,
The big tear guſh'd forth while he told his ſad tale.

" Give relief, oh! give relief!
" Oh give relief to a poor Mariner!

" When Hawke and Boſcawen rode Lords of the Ocean,
" The foes of my King have felt this arm's motion;
" This *hand* graſp'd a Sword, *defy'd Gaul's reſiſtance*,
" Tho' now feebly, thus, *extended* for aſſiſtance.

" Give relief, oh! give relief!
" Oh give relief to a poor Mariner!

" Theſe *Eyes* oft' have ſeen the proud Foe ſink before me,
" Have ſparkled with Joy at the ſignal of Glory;
" Have ſeen Britain's flag to conqueſt aſpire,—
" Tho'—now, loſt in darkneſs, for Want I expire.

" Give relief, oh! give relief!
" Oh give relief to a poor Mariner!

" My

" My life's been expos'd in defence of our Laws,
" I've bled at each vein to ſupport Freedom's cauſe:
" The billows of Danger have ſtemm'd without dread,
" But feintly I ſtruggle, *now, beg for my Bread.*—
" Give relief, oh! give relief!
" Oh give relief to a poor Mariner!

" Aſſiſt me!"—he ſaid, the words quivering hung,
In accents moſt piteous on the Veteran's tongue;
When the grim King of Terrors his ſuff'rings regarded,
And ſnatch'd him from hence to where Virtue's rewarded.
Death gave relief—'twas Death gave relief—
Death gave relief to the poor Mariner.

ODE

ON

THE HAPPY RECOVERY OF HIS MAJESTY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1789.

AND RECITED, &c. AT SEVERAL PROVINCIAL THEATRES.

RECITATIVE.

BRITAIN, where ſmiling Plenty reigns,
Enthron'd amid her fertile plains,
And the rich produce that they bear,
Supplies, and leaves enough to ſpare,

To, (when bright Commerce ſail's unfurl'd)
Traffic with more than half the world;
Was wrapp'd in Grief; and brooding o'er her Wealth,
In ſolemn ſadneſs ſat;
And mourn'd a Monarch's fate,
Who groan'd beneath the pale decline of Health:
The ſlow-pac'd hours to Miſery gave birth;
A Nation's tears bedew'd the drooping Earth:
When thus in accents, feintly, ſlowly given,
The voice of Mourning ſupplicated Heaven.

AIR.

Great King of Kings! whoſe mighty Power
The Thunder's ſilence can command,
On us can peace and plenty ſhower,
Or ſtretch Deſtruction o'er the Land;
With Pity hear a Nation's ſighs,
The pains of Royalty relieve,
Without thy aid a Sovereign dies,
Whoſe People in his Smiles but live.

RECITATIVE.

The Prayer was heard, and jocund Health apace
Reſumes her ſeat, aſſerts her ruddy right;
Joy ſmiles enraptur'd in a Kingdom's face,
And Fancy toil'd to furniſh new delight:
Grief's reign was o'er,
And now, no more
The eye-lids of reſt were kept open by Care,
Or the ſun-ſhine of Beauty eclips'd by Deſpair;
'Twas Pleaſure all, without the leaſt alloy,
Thankſgivings flew to Heaven on ſacred wings;
Filial Affection dropp'd a tear of Joy,
And thouſands cried, "*Long live the beſt of Kings.*"

BALLAD.

BALLAD.

WHEN Spring clad the meads, and the Nightingale's ſtrain,
Did the liſtening moments beguile,
Reſponding the note of the blyth whiſt'ling Swain,
And ſweeten'd the hardſhips of Toil;
With Colin how bleſt have I paſs'd the gay hour,
From Envy and Jealouſy free;
'Twas then *that I thought 'twa'n't in Fate's cruel power*,
To make wretched my Colin and me.

And when ſultry Summer did glowing advance,
And reſplendantly Sol's cheering beams
In brilliant ſparklings did wantonly dance,
To beſpangle the ſoft flowing ſtreams;
With Colin how bleſs'd did I paſs the gay hour,
From Envy and Jealouſy free;
'Twas then *that I thought 'twa'n't in Fate's cruel power,*
To make wretched my Colin and me.

Autumn's ſtore I ſurvey'd with attentive delight,
For Hymen had ardently ſtrove,
Our Spring of Affection to ſcreen from all blight,
And mellow our Autumn of Love;
With Colin how bleſs'd did I paſs the gay hour,
From Envy and Jealouſy free;
'Twas then *that I thought 'twa'n't in Fate's cruel power,*
To make wretched my Colin and me.

Nay when bleak Sciroccos made chilly the weather,
And iſicles hung on each tree,
Content made my heart dance as light as a feather,
And Winter ſeem'd Summer to me;
With Colin how bleſs'd did I paſs the gay hour,
From Envy and Jealouſy free;
'Twas then *that I thought 'twa'n't in Fate's cruel power,*
To make wretched my Colin and me.

But ah! cruel change! Pleaſures now me forſake,
E'en Hope from my boſom is torn;
Reflection ſo wounds that my heart's like to break,
It goads with Deſpair's ſharpeſt thorn:
My Colin is ſnatch'd from his Sylvia's arms,
Oh Fate! 'twas thy cruel decree!
Our Cottagers trembled at *War's* dire alarms,
Which divided my Colin and me.

They bore him away, far, far from my ſight,
My ſhrieks did but little avail;
The Veſſel, like thought, o'er the Main took it's flight,
Cruel Gales ſwell'd unkindly each Sail:
Ye Ruſtics, who own the ſoft paſſion of Love,
May gueſs what our feelings muſt be,
When the Tempeſt of War 'gainſt our happineſs ſtrove,
And divided my Colin and me.

I wander all day round our poor little Cot,
Which now ſad and cheerleſs appears,
I gaze on the mead where to part was our lot,
And bedew every flower with Tears;
Ye Ruſtics, who own the ſoft paſſion of Love,
May gueſs what our feelings muſt be,
When the Tempeſt of War 'gainſt our happineſs ſtrove,
And divided my Colin and me.

Ye breezes that ruſtle the leaves, prithee, ceaſe,
Or that ripple the brook near my Door;—
For my ſoul ſinks with dread, leaſt to ſtorms ye increaſe,
And my Colin, alas! be no more:
Ye Ruſtics who own the ſoft paſſion of Love,
May gueſs what our feelings muſt be,
When the Tempeſt of War 'gainſt our Happineſs ſtrove,
And divided my Colin and me.

Now I'll haſte to yon cliff, where I'll anxiouſly wait,
O'er the Main turn my Grief-drowned Eyes;
With entreaties endeavour to ſoften hard Fate,
And fill every pauſe with my ſighs:
There lonely and penſive I'll conſtantly mourn,
Bid Pleaſure far diſtant to be,
'Till I view the ſtout bark with a Treaſure return,
To make happy my Colin and me.

THE LARK,

A SONNET.

'TWAS Autumn, the Lark to his Mate his fond Tale
Warbled ſweet in the thyme ſcented Grove,
While through quivering leaves in ſweet cadence the gale,
A ſymphony whiſtled to Love:

Their bills often met, of their Truth each dar'd vouch,
And tunefully breath'd am'rous Vows;
When globules of lead flew at Man's baneful touch,
And the feather'd Fair robb'd of her Spouſe.

My Phillis, whom Chance brought to view the dire ſcene,
Saw the poor little trifler depart;
Heav'd a ſigh—with it's ſad widow'd Mate did complain,
Grief alike ſat enthron'd in each heart:

Her charms which no pencil could picture before,
To my view now more lovely appear;
For the bright orb of Beauty e'en Saints muſt adore,
When *impearl'd* by *Humanity's tear*.

ANACREONTIC.

CROWN me Bacchus with thy Vine,
Myrtle with the Grape entwine,
Let Roſes 'twixt the foliage blow,
To decorate Anacreon's brow:

Let me drain the Goblet dry,
Till it ſparkle in my Eye;
And if it's purple hue you'd trace,
View it glowing in my Face.

Cupid,

Cupid, let thy bow be ſtrung,
Still Anacreon's gay and young;
Still, the eye-lid barbed dart,
Wings it's errand to his heart;
Still his unambitious ſoul,
Cheerful yields to Love's controul:

To enrich the jocund ſcene,
Bring me Beauty's dazzling Queen,
Beauty, whoſe all conquering charms,
Apathy's chill boſom warms;

And in tuneful amorous ſtrain,
Mirth and Muſic join the train;
Breathe in lively ſportive lay,
That Anacreon's ever gay,
Let Bacchus' name enrich the ſong,
" Ever gay, and ever young:"
Let combin'd ſuch Joys unite,
To give Anacreon true delight:

Let him taſte exalted bliſs,
The melting touch, the humid kiſs,
The rapt'rous beam from beauty's eye,
The wily nod, the wiſhing ſigh,
The panting boſom, (ſhall confeſs,
More than Volumes can expreſs:)
Oh! let no care-born wretch deſtroy,
This wild delirium of Joy!
Mortals *ſneaking* view thy ſhrine,
But *luxury* of *Love* be mine;
Care and her canker'd crew retreat,
At diſtance let the mongrels wait;
The grim Tyrant I defy,
Gay Anacreon ne'er will die:
His Hours on ſportive Wings ſhall move,
In a continued round of Love.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

THE Heatheniſh Gods thought good Liquor divine,
Ambroſia and Nectar were quaff'd off as Wine;
Dan Jove was oft' muz—merry Momus a Soul,
And big-belly'd Bacchus ſtuck firm to his bowl;
The glaſs gingled round, the glad Deities roar'd,
And Gods keep it up—keep it up was encor'd.

The Giants of old from the Grape ſeiz'd their might;
Dapper Fairies too ſipp'd by the Moon's ſilver light;
Their puny libations with rapture were ſwill'd,
And butter-cup Goblets with dew-drops were fill'd:
And thus fairy favors diſpenſing around,
The Vales with their ſonnets of Pleaſure reſound.

Old Terra's a Drunkard nice Caſuiſts maintain,
Opes her mouth for Heaven's juice, gulphs potations of rain;
Which if are deny'd her, no produce ſhe'll bring,
But ruſſet appears the gay mantle of Spring:
The Oak's ſturdy root, the ſmart ſhrub, herb or flower,
E'en all Vegetation's refreſh'd by a Shower.

Then why ſhould not we the full Goblet diſplay,
Let ſhowers from a Bumper ſtill moiſten our clay;
With Love 'twill inſpire us, to Friendſhip give zeſt,
Raiſe our ſpirits, expand the proud Heart in each breaſt:
Your glaſſes then fill, let no moment be loſt,
For Friendſhip, the King, and old England's my toaſt.

CONSTITUTIONAL SONG.

Written for a Convivial Society, inſtituted in Honor of his Royal Highneſs the PRINCE OF WALES, under the Denomination of the

PLUMES, OR TRUE BRITISH SPIRITS.

——THE PRINCE,
So humble and ſo affable, that he wins
The love of all who know him. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

BRITANNIA encircled by Honor's bright train,
With Plenty and Commerce attending her nod,
Who can Neptune's fork'd Trident ſtretch over the Main,
And rule there ſupreme as old Ocean's ſtern God;
With rapture beholds thus united her race
Diſpelling convivially Apathy's gloom;
And in lieu of dull thought bids Joy light up each face,
Of the true Britiſh Spirits and Sons of the Plume.

Well

Well pleas'd with her children ſhe ſanctions our Mirth,
The title we boaſt has her patronage won;
For the Plume which to this friendly meeting gave birth,
Adorns the mild Brow of her favorite Son;
His merits e'en Envy herſelf muſt admire,
Liberality's laurels ne'er fading will bloom;
Yet while we revere him we worſhip his Sire,
Like true Britiſh Spirits and Sons of the Plume.

Let Harmony ever our Meetings attend,
And glee and good humour preſide o'er the bowl,
May each brother—'be more than a brother—a Friend—'
For Friendſhip illumines the Lamp of the Soul;
Then join in my Song, to his Highneſs now raiſe
The full flowing Goblet let peals ſhake the Dome,
While we Chorus ſucceſs in plain, blunt honeſt lays,
To the true Britiſh Spirits and Sons of the Plume.

THE LITTLE BLIND BEGGAR BOY,

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

NEAR the Jaws of a Priſon, in whoſe diſmal gloom
Diſeaſe ſat by Penury's ſide,
And the Culprit with Terror broods over his doom,
A Child of Diſtreſs ſadly ſigh'd:
Adown his wan Cheeks ſlowly trickled a tear,
Bereft was his boſom of Joy,
And, "Alas! I am driven almoſt to Deſpair!"
Cry'd the Poor little blind Beggar Boy.

" My Father, whoſe Labour provided each Meal,
" And to Poverty oft' gave relief,
" In theſe walls is confin'd by Hearts harder than ſteel,
" And my Mother has yielded to Grief:
" My infant Companions who late were my guides,
" No longer endearments employ,
" And the Miſery,—light-hearted Pleaſure derides
" Of the Poor little blind Beggar Boy.

" The debt, which alas! a falſe friend cauſed him owe,
" Robb'd my Parent of Liberty's ſweets;
" Each Moment he breathes is embitter'd by woe,
" For nought but unkindneſs he meets:
" Each ſlender refreſhment's from Charity's ſtore,
" Or Famine his ſpan would deſtroy;
" And, alas! that kind Hand that reliev'd is *no more!*"
Cry'd the Poor little blind Beggar Boy.

Thus

Thus mournful he pleaded, when ſudden as thought,
This Tale near depriv'd him of Breath,—
"That his Father was gone, and his ſpirit had ſought
"For Peace in the Boſom of Death:"
He ruſh'd— (for Affection each ſenſe did inſpire)
To his Cell, every means to employ
To revive him, then claſping the Corſe of his Sire,
Died the Poor little blind Beggar Boy.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, LEWES, SUSSEX;

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

ALBION, whoſe Offspring boaſt her wholeſome Laws,
And Courage to ſupport their Country's cauſe,
Equally boaſt, *what* can more Joy impart,
A hand Benevolent, and a feeling Heart;
This need no voucher, at this moment's view,
'Tis full examplified in generous *You:* *(To the Audience)*

You ſnatch the *Child of Sorrow* from *Deſpair*,
The *Son* of *Want* is *foſter'd* by *your Care*;
You from his breaſt bid baneful Ignorance fly,
And fair Religion brighten in his Eye;
To Virtue's ſhrine ye lead, nor grudge the Toil,
But culture Knowledge on an *Infant* ſoil:

Some hoary Sire, (whoſe Poverty's ſo great,
It ſcarce permits his little brood to eat,—
Denied the means to School his favorite Boy,
It's Playmate's darling, and it's Mother's Joy,
In you beholds it's Guardian;—views it's Youth
Faſhion'd to Honeſty, to Heaven, and Truth:)
Expreſſes thanks in accents ſweet tho' rude.
While down his Cheek ſteal Tears of Gratitude.

Oh! may this inſtitution! glorious theme!
Be ever cheriſh'd by a Power ſupreme!
Flouriſh, protected by the good and great,
And prove for Innocence a ſafe retreat;
To raiſe it's worth may Heart and Hand unite,
And bleſſings crown the Patrons of to-night.

JESSY

JESSY,

OR

THE DISAPPOINTMENT:

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

IN vain I the Muſes addreſs,
My pangs they can never declare
The Pen muſt be dipp'd in diſtreſs,
That tranſcribes the ſad Tale of Deſpair.

From the fair, lucid proſpect of bliſs,
Where the Hours ſweetly ſped in delight,
I've fell to the loweſt Abyſs,
And ſunk into darkneſs and Night.

How light was my boſom that morn,
When gaily I hied through the Grove,
On the wings of Affection was borne,
Speeding quickly to gaze on my Love.

A thouſand fond thoughts fill'd my breaſt,
The pleaſant reception he'd give,
For, oh! he had fondly confeſs'd,
"In my preſence alone could he live!"

The kiſs which he gave, when (by Heav'n,)
From a Form ſo much lov'd I was torn,
I panted as pure as 'twas given,
Untainted again to return.

To the Earth Sol had now bade adieu,
In dew-drops the ſky ſhed a tear,
When the Manſion appear'd faint in view,
That contain'd all my Boſom held dear:

With rapture my Senſes all glow—
I flew the dear Youth to enfold;
But unkindly his doors open'd flow,
And, oh! my reception was cold!

His embraces but feintly expreſs'd,
The Love I expected to meet,
I was chill'd he ſo coldly careſs'd,
And his ſmiles were the ſmiles of Deceit.

But why of his cruelty ſpeak?
Ah! why of his coldneſs complain?
My Form, my endowments are weak,
And he is the Pride of the Plain.

Suſpicion, that bane to the mind,
Panted eager his falſehood to prove;
Every look I then conſtrued unkind,
And harſh ſeem'd the language of Love.

My preſence he ſtrives to avoid,
Alas! I'm not now worth his Care!
Our contract of Love is deſtroy'd,
And he doats on ſome happier Fair.

Rack'd thus, a few hours did I droop,
Hours creeping on pinions of lead;
When the news came to damn every Hope,—
From his Jeſſy the falſe One was fled.

'Ere the ſtory my Ears did aſſail,
Kind Jove ſhould have robb'd me of breath,
Or the wretch who proclaim'd the ſad Tale,
Have brought too the Summons of Death.

THE

THE ORPHAN BOY, *

A SIMPLE, PATHETIC TALE.

THE Tempeſt ſubſided at Morn's kind approach,
The Winds their hoarſe ravings gave o'er;
When trembling a Ship-boy did anxiouſly touch
The latch of yon Cottager's door.

His cold, benumb'd fingers their Office deny'd,—
Thrice he tapp'd 'gainſt the door—then, with fear
Retreated ſome paces, and cautiouſly eyed,
Leaſt watchful ſome Maſtiff was near.

'Twas

* The Idea of this little Tale was taken from the beautiful Print of the Shipwreck'd Boy at the Cottage door.

'Twas heard from within, quick it's Females all crowd,
The Stranger's diſtaſter enquire;
For to aid the Diſtreſt were thoſe Cottagers proud,
Philanthropy's ſelf was their Sire.

The avenu'd dome rais'd by labour and coſt,
Sometimes may view Virtue it's gueſt,
But her conſtant attendance this Cottage could boaſt,
Tho' oft' by Ambition oppreſs'd.

Thus the Violet that gayly bedizens the Mead
A fragrance more ſweet does ſupply,
Tho' oft' rudely bruſh'd by the Traveller's tread,
Than if rear'd in the garden hard bye.

They aſked him his griefs—thus in tears he reply'd,
" I was ſhipwreck'd not far from this Vale:"
And as ſoon as his heart-breaking ſobs did ſubſide,
He proceeded to tell his ſad tale.

" Diſtreſs goads me ſore, what more urgent can plead
" To arreſt your attention and care,
" For pity kind Heaveh I know has decreed
" To reſide in the breaſt of the Fair."

The Sire of the Maids now approach'd from his ſhed,
He was ſtruck with the Boy's artleſs prate,
Whom quick tow'rds the crackling faggots he lead,
Then beg'd him his ſtory dilate.

HIS STORY.

" To mention my Parents but prompts a deep ſigh,
" And makes my recital more ſad,
" In the grave's narrow confines they mould'ring lie,
" And I am a poor Orphan Lad.

" The ſweet kiſs maternal, alas! I ne'er knew,
" Kind endearments harſh Fortune denied,
" For ſcarce in the world reſpiration I drew,
" Ere in anguiſh, my mother—ſhe died!

" My father ſo lov'd her (I've oft heard it ſaid)
" In his breaſt let deſpair baneful creep,
" And penſive and ſad through the thicket he ſtray'd,
" To hide his deſpair, and to weep.

" Health fled from his viſage, 'twas ghaſtly and wan,
" He could not endure the dire ſtroke;
" In the *Huſband* was centred the *Soul* of the *Man*,
" And his heart keen reflection had broke.

" A Relative promis'd my Sire e'er he died,
" 'Ere he fled to the realms of the bleſt,
" For his poor muling Offspring he'd amply provide,
" Ah? his promiſes were but a jeſt.

" As for me, little Urchin, my infantine years,
" Were embitter'd by many a curſe,
" The crumbs that I ſwallow'd were moiſten'd with tears,
" And harſhneſs, ſour Hag! was my nurſe.

" How

" How oft' did I rue the ſad hour I was born,
" For Slaves were leſs wretched than I,
" So determin'd, when ſenſe in my breaſt 'gan to dawn,
" Away from my Tyrant I'd fly.

" I remember the day, on an errand I'd been,
" I, as rapidly ſped as I could,
" But the paſſionate Wretch to indulge his vile ſpleen,
" My limbs crimſon'd over with blood.

" 'Twas nearly the eve, 'ere I quitted his Farm,
" I knew not which path I ſhould tread,
" No guide to direct, or to ſcreen me from harm,
" Or money to purchaſe me bread.

" Yet onward I trudg'd, nor of hunger opin'd,
" Like a Captive who freedom has gain'd,
" Each ſtep from my Priſon I took chear'd my mind,
" Tho' pebbles my feet ſorely pain'd.

" Some berries I pluck'd, ſip'd the chryſtalline ſtream,
" Yet e'en as I pluck'd 'em I flew,
" For I dreaded leſt he of my abſence ſhould dream,
" And quickly the Fiend might purſue.

" Soon darkneſs, that bugbear to cowardly minds,
" In it's ſable attire frightful came,
" And on the bleak Moor whirl'd in eddies the Wind,
" And ſleet fell to chill my weak Frame.

" Fatigu'd, almoſt ſpent, I crawl'd on in ſad plight,
" Thought my heart, like my Parent's would break,
" When I ſpy'd at ſmall diſtance a glimmering light,
" And the ſign-hinges plainly heard creak.

" I enter'd the precincts that boaſted the ray,
" Told my poor ſimple ſtory in brief;
" Cold and hungry I'd wander'd miles out of my way,"
" And beg'd they'd not frown at my grief."

" Don't droop," cry'd a Seaman, who poiz'd the full bowl,
" Whom his Meſſmates all ſeem'd to admire,
" For the Sea-faring Stave did he merrily troll,
" As I ventur'd to view the turf fire.

" Don't droop, Little Wanderer, give me thy hand,
" Here Landlady dry rigging bring,
" Why Lad thou'rt fatigu'd ſo—obey my command,
" Quaff a noggin to us and the King.

" Come, beſtir thee old Dame—Boy I'll take thee in tow,
" Haſt thou friends?—thou ſhalt ſoon to 'em ſteer!"
" In faltering accents I anſwer'd him—No—
" If I've friends, they're the friends that are here.

" While to dry my coarſe tatters the Tapſter took care,
" And the goblet was drain'd by the Crew,
" I whiſper'd the Seaman who ſpoke me ſo fair,
" The tale I have juſt told to you,

" He

" He bitterly ſwore at the treatment I met,
" Said that Landſmen were falſe as the Wind,
" That to ſome barren deſert the Wretch ſhould retreat,
" Who could uſe a poor Boy ſo unkind.

" As for him while with life and with health he was bleſt,
" And fortune rewarded his toil,
" He'd give up his all to relieve the diſtreſt,
" And be more than repaid with their ſmile.

" Nay Stripling don't weep (for ſo kindly he ſpoke,
" That gratitude ſtarted a tear)
" The frowns of Dame Fortune to Tars are a joke,
" For weathercock-like ſhe will veer.

" But hope is our anchor, content ſwells the ſail,
" Life's rudder's by Fortitude held;
" So Youngſter with me thou ſhalt weather the gale,
" And try what new Climates will yield.

" I

" I preſs'd his hard hand (which oft' yielded a boon)
" With affectionate joy to my Lip,
" And away, when 'twas fair, by the Light of the Moon,
" We hied hand in hand tow'rds the ſhip.

" The broad nautic joke as we journey'd along,
" And whim and loud laughter went round,
" Eke the mirth-making ſtory, the pun, and the ſong,
" With Sailor's mirth's ſeldom aground.

" We arriv'd at the Port: with the Seamen to ride
" O'er the billows, I heard the command:
" A Seaman, kind Sir, pray excuſe a Boy's pride,
" Is the glory and boaſt of this Land.

" I cou'd not (tho' home had no comforts for me)
" When the ſignal I heard to unmoor,
" And all hands were pip'd to get quick underweigh,
" But caſt a fond look towards the ſhore.

" My friend too ſeem'd dull, for the cauſe I apply'd,
" Are you griev'd thus at quitting this Coaſt?"
" *Sweet Anna, farewell!*" were the words he reply'd,
" Dropt a tear and then ſped to his poſt.

" Swift as light'ning, were duty directed we flew,
" Or the anchor to tear from its bed,
" Or the Sails to unfurl, for a gale briſkly blew,
" That would ſwell all the canvaſs we had.

" From the Harbour then proudly our bark did proceed,
" Vaſt Wealth by fair Commerce to gain;
" Hoſtile Winds ne'er intruded our Courſe to impede,
" But we rapidly daſh'd through the Main.

" Heaven ſmil'd on the Voyage; the bright God of Day
" With Eurus did kindly unite;
" His Carr oft' emitted a Heart-chearing Ray,
" And Luna her Watch kept by Night,

" At the Sea's wide Expanſe quite aſtoniſh'd I gaz'd;
" No more were the cliffs then in View;
" With the Rudder's Command I was ſtruck, and amaz'd
" When the Needle's Attraction I knew.

" To the Friend introduc'd me, Attention I paid,
" Nautic Knowledge he wiſh'd to infuſe;
" And the Power of the Quadrant and Compaſs diſplay'd,
" And inform'd me their wonderful Uſe.

" At our Meſs my Allowance in Comfort I eat;
" On my Knee the hard Biſcuit was crack'd;
" The Saltpetre'd Meal was a reliſhing treat,
" And the mantling Flip I attack'd.

" Equator we croſs'd, my young Ship-Mates all ſmil'd
" At the Miſchief they'd cunningly brew'd;
" To the Side of the Veſſel they wiley beguil'd,
" And immerg'd me at once in the Flood.

" Th' Venetian Doge weds the Sea with Parade,
" I her Kiſs did unwillingly court;
" At my Ducking all laugh'd, it was Cuſtom, they ſaid,
" Impell'd 'em, thus drench me in ſport.

" Their Paſtimes were varied; their Sports full of Whim,
" When the Weather permitted their Glee;
" And the Bark briſkly glided, ſo neatly and trim,
" How jocund and happy they'd be.

" But the Paſtimes moſt apt to the Mariner's mind,
" And that furniſh'd his Heart with Delight;
" 'Twas toaſting the Nymph he'd ſo far left behind,
" Round the Bowl ſlung on Saturday Night.

" Kind William, that generous patron to me,
" With a Sigh then would mention his Anne;
" To Love ſure no Boſom a Stranger can be,
" Who the Feelings can boaſt of a Man.

" Fair Anna! the ſmart Maiden that dwelt near the Beach,
" With Features ſo comely and gay,
" That not to admire her, your Taſte would impeach;
" Was the Burthen and pride of his Lay.

" Fair Anna! whoſe Orbits than Stars were more bright,
" In her lips crimſon Coral prevails;
" Her Teeth than the Elephant's Tuſk are more white,
" Her Breath ſweet Arabia's Gales.

" Oft' Times tripping over the Lawn did he ween,
" To have whiſk'd with his Kerchief to Death
" The amorous Bee, who was ſtrivingly ſeen
" The Honey to ſteal from her Breath.

" None chaunted ſo ſweetly a Sonnet of Love,
" Or eyed with ſo piercing a glance;
" No Foot the blyth Hornpipe ſo featly did move,
" Or join'd in the ſpirited Dance.

A Laſs

" A Laſs neater dreſt never tripp'd o'er the Green,
" Her Kerchief of Indian dye;
" Drifted Snow's Spotleſs White in her Apron was ſeen,
" She Cleanlineſs' Self did outvie.

" Her Hat was of Straw, which with ribbons ſhe grac'd,
" In Ringlets flow'd ſportive her hair;
" On her Inſtep the ſmart Silver Buckle was plac'd,
" And her hoſe, as her boſom, was fair.

" In a Flow'r ſprinkled Cotton, the Choice of her Love,
" Which ſhe with *true blue* gaily bound;
" Arm in Arm with her William ſo ſprightly ſhe'd move,
" Her Feet ſeem'd to ſcarce touch the Ground.

" Her Health would he quaff, in her Praiſes he'd ſing,
" His Voice as the Nightingale clear;
" With the Name of his Laſs every Meſs-Room would ring,
" To him was his Anna moſt dear.

" She lov'd him, he ſaid, was devoid of all Guile,
" When forc'd from her Arms to depart,
" Grief reign'd in thoſe features, though form'd for a ſmile;
" And Anguiſh corroded her heart.

" But why ſhould I pine? I ſhall view her again,
" Again my ſweet Anna behold;
" And the Wages I've earn'd on the turbulent main,
" Her Apron ſo ſpruce ſhall infold.

" Thus journey'd old Time 'till we Turrets eſpy'd,
" We were deſtin'd to anchor a near;
" My Mem'ry a journal has nearly ſupply'd,
" The Weather was mod'rate and clear.

" To deſcribe foreign Cities I boaſt not the Skill,
" Or to picture ye diſtant Domains;
" For homeward-bound Fancy each Thought wafted ſtill
" To the Charms of my own native plains.

" Our

" Our Goods ſafely landed and ſold on the mart,
" Proviſions on board us were borne;
" And eke barter'd Merchandize, all were alert,
" Tow'rds Albion again to return.

" I hugg'd the glad thought, for it promis'd me fair,
" The Iſle of my Birth I ſhould greet;
" I ſhould ſee lovely Anna, my Guardian's Care,
" And view their Endearments ſo ſweet.

" Methought when the Long-boat was ſpeeding to Land,
" How the Regions of Joy he'd explore;
" When he ſaw his dear Anna prepar'd on the Strand
" To welcome her Lover on Shore.

" Hope pictur'd the Scene, 'twas a Proſpect of Bliſs,
" Of Bliſs, which the virtuous taſte,
" When Conſtancy breathes a mellifluous Kiſs,
" And Love by Affection's embrac'd.

" Hope inflated the Canvaſs, and ſpread every Sail,
" In ſtrong Current the Tide amply flows ;
" Right aft ſeem'd to waft us a proſperous Gale,
" Which wak'd the lull'd Main from Repoſe.

" Yet e're we departed a preſent each bought,
" Some trifle—for Love ſet apart ;
" For each honeſt Seaman had fix'd it in Thought
" To donate to the Girl of his Heart.

" Well, onward we ſcudded, the Land was in View,
" Towards which we did anxiouſly ſteer,
" 'Ere Winds dared aſſail us ;—then fiercely they blew,
" Pitchy Clouds made the Horizon drear.

" So ſudden the Tempeſt—it ſtruck with Diſmay,
" 'Twas in vain the big Billows to brave ;
" They look'd ſo tremendous, that each riſing Sea
" For our Ship ſeem'd preparing a Grave.

" Through

" Through the Shrouds and the Tackling whiſtled the Storm,
" Then hoarſer and hoarſer it roar'd;
" The Prow of our Veſſel the Surge did deform,
" Our Mainmaſt was gone by the Board.

" Fork'd Lightning then flam'd, Thunder echo'd around,
" But yet each ſtood firm to his Poſt,
" Till, to kill all Endeavours, was heard the dread Sound,
" She ſplits on the Rock—all is loſt!

" Scarce pronoun'd the ſhrill cry, 'ere to pieces ſhe flew,
" Mountainous the Billows did roll;
" Had you heard but the ſhrieks of the ſea-beaten crew,
" 'Twould have harrow'd, with Pity, your Soul.

" Rememb'rance almoſt me of Reaſon bereaves,
" My Meaſure of Grief was compleat;
" I ſaw my lov'd Friend ſwallow'd up by the Waves,
" And my Meſſmates all ſhare his hard Fare.

" I eſcap'd from the Wreck—it was Providence' Will
" My Current of Life ſtill ſhould flow;
" But the Guſt of Misfortune will ruffle it ſtill,
" And I feel Iteration of Woe

" Ah! he's gone," cry'd the Ship-Boy, " my Friend is no more,
" And here my ſad Hiſtory ends;
" Again I'am an Outcaſt on Albion's Shore,
" A poor Orphan Boy without Friends."

" No—no," cry'd the Sire," who had wept at his Tale,
And enrich'd it with many a Sigh;
" Thy Moans Shall no longer reſound through the Vale,
" I the Place of a Friend will ſupply.

" Let the Meanneſs attends on Oppreſſion and Power,
" The Grief of the Suppliant diſdain;
" And Harſhneſs bolt mild Generoſity's Door,
" When penurious Worth ſhall complain.

" The unfeeling boſom, Oh Grandeur! be thine;
" That Hour let this Valley ne'er ſee;
" When Pride and gaunt Avarice meanly combine,
" To bright Hoſpitality's Tree."

As he utter'd this Sentence, a Voice ſtruck his Ear,
Sad and plaintively ſounded the Moan;
And pallid and ghaſtly a Nymph did appear,
Who wept, and exclaim'd, " *He is gone!*"

Wild and frantic her Garb, full of Sorrow her Mein,
Her Hands in keen Anguiſh ſhe wrung;
" Ah! where is my William? have none of ye ſeen?"
And then thus ſhe mournfully ſung.

BALLAD.

YOU aſk why I thus droop my head?
Why penſive and ſad I deplore?
All joy from poor Anna is fled,
My William, alas! is no more.
Theſe Eyes dim and mournful appear,
Which from his all their Luſtre did borrow;
I muſt pauſe o'er my Tale—drop a Tear,
For, alas! 'tis a Story of Sorrow.

I ſtood on the Beach, while in View
The Bark toſs'd, that brought him from far;
The Rain beat, the Winds fiercely blew,
The Elements all ſeem'd at War:

On

On a Rock (the dire Thought bids me weep)
His Ship ſplit—no Aid could they borrow;
He immerg'd in the watry Deep,
Full, alas! is my Story of Sorrow.

Diſtracted! but Prayers could I give;
As he daſh'd the big Billows aſide,
Hope faintly breath'd forth—"he'd ſurvive,"
But, fatigued, he ſunk Breathleſs—and died.
Depriv'd of my Love I complain;
I his Bride ſhould have been on the Morrow;
But I'll plunge in the unfated Main,
And cure a Heart burſting with Sorrow.

Thus ended the Strain, and ſhe ruſh'd towards the Spot
Where her William, her Lover, was loſt;
Where Hope was expung'd by Misfortune's dire Blot,
And all her fond Wiſhes were croſs'd.

" Ah me! there he glides! his quick Footſteps I hear!
" See proudly he ſtalks o'er the Lea;
" Theſe Eyes can't deceive—he approaches more near—
" 'Tis the Shade of my William I ſee!!!

And now ſtilly Silence did aweful prevail;
Coward Fear in each Boſom was couch'd;
Aghaſt look'd the Maidens, the Ship-Boy grew pale,
As the much-belov'd Spectre approach'd.

Still nearer and nearer advancing it drew;
Each Step the ſcar'd Ship-Boy alarms:
" My Anna," cry'd the Stranger, " My Anna! is it you?"—
She hear'd him, and drop'd in his Arms.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis William that ſpeaks—lovely Anna, revive!
" 'Tis William, his Friends thought no more;
" But in Pity to thee, whom kind Heaven *bade live*,
" Bleſt Providence brought me to ſhore.

" The Wave that ſeem'd fatal to me prov'd a friend;
(" Heaven's Power let no Mortal deride)
" For where pond'rous Rocks the rough Ocean propend,
" A Chaſm ſafe Shelter ſupply'd.

" My Anna, look up—" ſhe her eyes fix'd on his;
To reſtore her to Reaſon he ſtrove:
" 'Tis thy William that ſpeaks,"—breath'd a Lover's fond kiſs,
And wak'd her to Reaſon and Love.

" On the Rock long I ſhiver'd, the Surge roar'd around,
" 'Till Morn came in Calmneſs array'd;
" By a Boat from the Beach was I famiſhing found,
" Refreſh'd, and then hither I ſtray'd.

The

The Ship-Boy embrac'd his kind Patron, with Tears;
His Boſom with Joy fully fraught;
The Cottager Sire (his Head ſilver'd with Years)
Begg'd 'em enter his warm little Cot.

Says he, " the dark Proſpect of Death now is o'er,
" Sorrow's Clouds, clad in Sables, are paſt;
" Then e'en let's reflect on Misfortunes no more;
" But the Bleſſings beſtow'd let us taſte.

" Return Thanks to Heaven, that firſt gave us Breath,
" And ſo amply has made you it's Care;
" Think, in every Trial, 'mid Danger and Death,
" *The Virtuous ſhould never deſpair.*"

SONNET.

SONNET.

NOW the Sun-ſhine of Mirth beams refulgent and gay,
And illumines with pleaſure the village and grove;
Your voices attune, and let this be the lay,
The Triumph of Muſic, of Virtue, and Love.

'Tis Virtue that uſhers the Hero to Fame,
His proweſs bright beauty herſelf does approve;
While Muſic re-echoes, in praiſes, his name,
And the Laurel's donated by Virtue and Love.

Then breathe the ſoft flute, let the hautboy be gay,
The lyre in bold ſtrains of delight ſweetly move;
Your voices attune, and let this be the lay,
The Triumph of Muſic, of Virtue, and Love.

THE CAPTURED CREW.

A BALLAD.

NIGHT ſcarce her ſable veil withdrew,
And ſlowly uſher'd in the morn,
When bearing down, we 'ſpied in view,
The ſavage Foe not far aſtern.
The ſtouteſt trembled—ſmall our crew,
The victims of ſuperior power;
Yet courage bade the drooping few
Wait calmly for the fatal hour.

Bold they approach'd, a council's held,
Our men, with voice united, cry,
" Rather than baſely deign to yield,
" They'd meet their Fate, and bravely die."

The

The fight now rag'd; from ſide to ſide
The thundering cannons dreadful ſound;
With purple ſtains the deck was dy'd,
Which iſſued from each gaping wound.

Such havoc now ſtern death had made;
Vain our reſiſtance—nought could ſhield;
Wounds and fatigue on valour prey'd,
And with reluctance did we yield:
But ſcarce our batter'd hull we quit,
Scarce from the ſturdy wreck retire,
'Ere up ſhe blew, 'ſham'd to be beat,
Shrouding her form in ſheets of fire.

ANACREONTIC.

PRITHEE Boy take hence the Bowl,
Love alone inſpires my ſoul;
Wine adds fewel to the fire,
And but maddens wild deſire:
Hence then with the ample draught,
Enough of Nectar have I quaff'd;
Bring me Chloe in it's ſtead,
At her Feet, Oh! let me plead;
Chloe bounding buxom maid
As ever trod the woodland glade;
As e'er, by Luna's quivering beam,
View'd her image in the Stream.

Or when Phœbus 'gins to riſe,
O'er the dewy meadow hies;
Or night is clad in ſable ſhroud,
Yields to Somnus, ſlumbering God!
By heat and laſſitude oppreſs'd,
Sinking, ſupine, to downy reſt.

E'en now, in fancy, I eſpy
The Silken ſaſh, the rolling eye,
The arched brow, the auburn hair,
That wantons on her boſom fair;
The ruby lip, where balmy bliſs is,
Honey'd ſeat of burning kiſſes.

If the roſe-bud you would ſeek,
View it bluſhing in her cheek;
The May lily would you view,
On her boſom trace it's hue;

Reſolv'd it's beauties to diſcloſe,
Nor truckle to the healthy roſe;
Fragrance, and her thouſand ſweets,
Chloe's melting breath emits.
But like the approach of morn,
See ſhe trips it o'er the lawn;
See, her ankle is diſplay'd,
Hark! what muſic's in the tread.
Come, ſweet Nymph, my ſoul's on fire,
Let us to the bower retire,
Form'd for bliſs, in yonder grove;
'Tis a ſafe retreat for love.
The honeyſuckle's ſweet perfume,
Scents the verdant furniſh'd room;
Creeping tendrils of the vine,
Round the little manſion twine;
Cooling breezes there have ſped
To play refreſhing o'er thy head:
Thither, *Chloe*, let us fly,
Love, dear Nymph, ſhould never die.

THE VILLAGE BARD.

A FRAGMENT.

BENEATH a ſpreading oak's umbrageous boughs,
Whoſe leaves were ruſtled by the gentle wind,
And round whoſe aged bark the green moſs grows,
The Village Bard was on his ſtaff reclin'd.

His ſullen eye was fix'd upon the earth;
Anger, with crimſon hue, his viſage paints;
Diſguſt to ſour ſoliloquy gave birth;
And thus, diſpleas'd, he vented his complaints:

" Why was I ſchool'd by a too partial Sire?
" Who fancied knowledge would not wealth impede;
" Ah! why indulge my juvenile deſire?
" Why teach his offspring or to write or read;

" Inheritance

" Inheritance, alas! he could not give,
" Save the bequeſt of a poor lonely Shed;
" Where he was faſhion'd happily to live,
" And I, the relict of his race, was bred.

" Toil ſhould my hands have harden'd in the glen;
" 'Mid clods I then had ſnatch'd unenvied Fame;
" Induſtrious labour have deſtroy'd my pen,
" And I had known of numbers but the name.

" Yet I was bleſs'd, though homely was my fare;
" No anxious moment ever blurr'd my health;
" Frugality and Study baniſh'd care—
" A heart at eaſe is a whole mine of wealth.

" When birth-day revels, holidays decreed,
" My pipe I tun'd amid the village throng;
" And though not ſkilfully, I touch'd the reed;
" The hamlet liſten'd to my ruſtic ſong.

" When plaintively I breath'd a Tale of Love,
" Or Colin's grief, or Daphne's proud diſdain;
" Or deep deſpair, that murmur'd through the grove,
" A pearly drop bedew'd the melting ſtrain.

" Yet ſmall avail'd the plaudits I acquir'd,
" My hopes down diſappointment's gulph were whirl'd;
" When I to knowledge of Mankind aſpir'd,
" I found I kenn'd too little of the World.

" A dome was rear'd, my humble roof hard by,
" That ſeem'd to luxury of life afford;
" The edifice I view'd with anxious eye,
" And ſomehow wiſh'd to ſerve it's affluent Lord.

" Why wiſh a patronage from Pride to ſeek,
" Contumely 'll ever in it's train appear:
" Was riches given to depreſs the meek?
" And Power, to make the peaſant ſhed a tear?

" Once it's proud maſter aſk'd my humble lays;
" Though not ſublimely did my numbers ſoar;
" 'Twas on his birth-day feaſt to gather praiſe—
" The Theme, forgetfulneſs has made no more.

" Pleas'd, I conſented, thought, poor ſimple ſwain!
" To be employ'd by one of noble birth,
" Would ſwell my praiſes o'er the diſtant plain;
But power, alas! is ſeldom link'd to worth.

" Fear that my verſes might not charm, depreſs'd,
" Diſapprobation might have been their lot;
" But they were plauded by each generous gueſt;
" The gueſt departed—were the lays forgot.

" Why ſhould the offic'd cur be not obey'd?
" When ſuppliant virtue begs at grandeur's door,
" Why ſhould not *Hauteur's* banners be diſplay'd?
" He ſcorn'd the verſes—for the bard was poor.

" Slaves in abundance waited on his nod;
(" Such meanneſs ever let the Bard diſown;)
" They'd cringe and bow before their demi-god;
" Tho' fiends had forg'd the pigmy tyrant's crown.

" At awful diſtance modeſty muſt wait;
" Be impudence alone by mortals priz'd;
" For ignorance is cheriſh'd by the great,
" And unaſſuming merit is deſpis'd.

" With

" With loathing eye I view'd the ſculptur'd dome,
" Thought fortune worthleſſneſs regarded moſt;
" Then turn'd once more towards my humble home,
" My hopes all blighted, and my wiſhes croſs'd.

" Back to my cott I'll quickly then repair,
" Where kind attention will my lays adorn;
" And ſweet content in azure robe appear,
" And penury may dwell, unaw'd by ſcorn.

" But let not rancour in my boſom grow,
" With laſh of ſatyr let me not aſſail;
" If pride but deigns to ſmooth his haughty brow,
" Meek poverty will ſoon forget to rail.

" I will not wiſh him vice's many fears,
" Or conſcience' pangs, health's pleaſures to impair;
" But as he journeys through the vale of years,
" Compunction meet him, 'ere he hugs deſpair."

* * * * * * * * * * *

BALLAD.

BALLAD.

FOND youth, ah! why forſake theſe arms?
Why bright renown to gain?
Thy life thus riſk, 'mid War's alarms,
And ſtem the boiſterous main?
Love ſurely had enforc'd thy ſtay,
Had I been worth thy care;
Then had my round of life been gay,
Now darken'd by deſpair.

But glory call'd, and Albion's foes
Impell'd thee bid adieu;
While my fraught heart, with thouſand woes,
Inceſſant throbb'd for you.
Nor think, my love, ſhould'ſt thou thy breath
Yield, 'mid the falling brave,
Thy Kate would backward ſhrink from death,
She'd claſp thee in the grave.

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